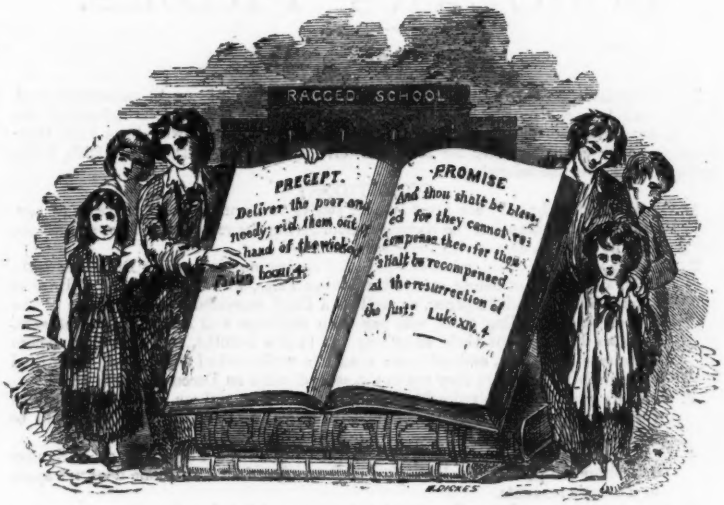
Price 2d.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXVIII. OCTOBER, 1863. VOL. XV.


RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of hand of the wicked.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be bless-ed for they cannot re-compense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 4.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Papers, Original and Selected—	
Ragged School Contrasts; or, "The Cloud with the Silver Lining"	217
Prayer and Effort; or, a Place in God's World for every Man	222
The Manchester and Salford Ragged School Union	228
Correspondence—	
Old Clo'; Old Clo'	231
The Night Schools of New York	232
The Children's Summer Treat	235
Another Day at Nutfield Park	263
Another Added to Heaven's Host	238
Notice of Meeting—	
Golden Lane Ragged School	240

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a parcel of books from Mrs. Reade.

Donations of books for libraries, and old clothes, will be thankfully received by Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

SCHOLARS' PRIZES.

CHRISTMAS, 1863.

The Committee of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, being desirous to encourage good conduct and long-continued service in all who have passed through the Schools of the Union, have again decided on giving a Prize to young persons who have kept their situations with good character for at least twelve months, up to December 25th, 1863, and coming within the following

CONDITIONS:

1. Candidates for these Prizes must be over twelve and under seventeen years of age and must have attended the Ragged School giving the recommendation at least six months previous to entering their first situation.
2. Scholars who have remained in one place for twelve months, ending December 25th, 1863, and have not before received a Money Prize, will be entitled to a Prize of Seven Shillings and Sixpence, as well as a Card, provided the Committee of the School recommending them will pay Two Shillings and Sixpence of that sum. Scholars having kept their situations for twelve months, and left them before Christmas for others, and not more than two weeks out of place, shall be entitled to their Prize, provided they are in the second place on December 25th, 1863.
3. Scholars who have received a Money Prize previously, and are again recommended (in accordance with Rule 2) for further service to December 25th, 1863, will be entitled to a Prize Card.
4. Candidates must have been regular in attendance at the Ragged or other Sunday School for the period for which they are recommended. This rule does not apply to domestic servants.
5. Apprentices, Shoe-blacks, Occasional Labourers, and Scholars partially employed, or those engaged by their relatives, as well as any earning more than Ten Shillings per week, will not be eligible for the Prizes.
6. Certificates must be furnished by the employers and school authorities, to show that the previous conditions have been complied with, and that good conduct has been continued to December 25, 1863.

The Prizes may be given in Books, Clothes, or otherwise, as the Committee of the School may determine.

All applications for the Prizes must be made by the Committee of the School to which the Scholar belonged, and the forms properly filled up, with all needful certificates, to be sent to Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, not later than the 16th of January, 1864.

W. LOCKE, Hon. Secretary.
J. G. GENT, Secretary.

1, Exeter Hall, September, 1863.

N.B.—Printed Forms of Application can be had, early in December, at the Office, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

GOLDEN LANE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THESE Schools are situated in one of the lowest districts of the City of London, containing a population of about 10,000. They have been in operation nearly *Seventeen* Years, and in the Day, Evening, and Sunday Schools from 500 to 600 poor Children receive Free Education. The Committee have lately been obliged to lease New Premises, the adapting and fittings of which have cost about £300. Towards this sum the Committee of the Ragged School Union have promised £60; Samuel Morley, Esq., £50; W. H. Goschen, Esq., M.P., £10 10s.; and other friends about £35; leaving nearly £150 yet to be raised.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited and will be thankfully received by Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, or by the Treasurer of the School, Mr. FRANCIS CUTHBERTSON, 34, Arundel Square, N.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

I. RAGGED SCHOOL UNION ANNUAL REPORTS,

From 1844 to 1863. 6d. each.

II. RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

Published on the 1st of each month, 24 Pages, Octavo, price 2d. This Periodical is a record of the Ragged School Movement. Vols. One to Fourteen can be had at 2s. 6d. each.

III. OUR CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.

Published on the 1st of each month, 20 Pages, many Woodcuts, price One Halfpenny. This work is written and published expressly for Scholars in Ragged Schools, and is well suited for Children in general. Packets of 100 back Numbers, for One Shilling and Sixpence, can be had at 1, Exeter Hall.

IV. OUR CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.

New Series, in Volumes, cloth lettered, 10d. each. Suitable for Rewards, Prizes, and Gift Books to Children.

V. SOUGHT AND SAVED.

A Prize Essay on Ragged Schools and Kindred Institutions. By GEORGE JAMES HALL, M.A. 256 Pages, fcp. 8vo. Price 1s., paper wrapper; 2s., bound in cloth, lettered.

The above Publications can be had at No. 1, Exeter Hall, and at Kent's, Paternoster Row.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

ONE HUNDRED PICTURE BOOKS FOR EIGHTEENPENCE.—Packets of back numbers of "Our Children's Magazine" can be had at 1, Exeter Hall, price 1s. 6d. per 100.

Published Monthly, price One Halfpenny, or Three Shillings and Sixpence per Hundred.

THE APPEAL:

A Magazine for the People.

THE APPEAL is intended to serve all the purposes of a Tract, with all the advantages for interest and impressiveness of a Periodical. Its circulation has been maintained for several years at little short of *Forty Thousand* per month.

*** *A considerable reduction in price is made to Tract Societies, Congregations, and individuals taking quantities for distribution.*

London: J. HEATON & SON, 21, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Has been used by thousands of private Families, Shippers, and Emigrants, for raising Bread with half the trouble and in a quarter the time required with Yeast, and for rendering Puddings and Pastry light and wholesome.

The Queen's Private Baker says,—

"It is a most useful invention."

Captain Allen Young, of the Arctic Yacht *Fox* states that—

"It keeps well and answers admirably."

E. Hamilton, Esq., M.D., F.S.A., observes that—

"It is much better for raising Bread than Yeast, and much more wholesome."

To be had of all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn-dealers, and of GEORGE BORWICK, 21, Little Moorfields, in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. boxes.

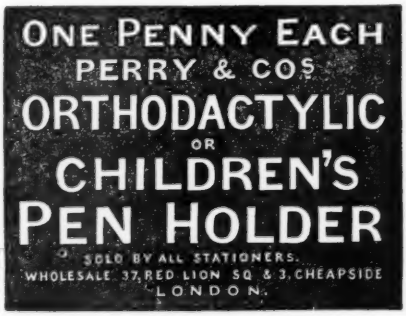
New Steel Pen.

PERRY & CO.'S "ALBERT" PEN combines all the latest inventions and improvements introduced by them in metal pens. Samples for 2 stamps. Price 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Stationers.

N.B.—Manufacturers of the celebrated Double Patent Perryian Pens.

Children's Penholders.

PERRY & CO.'S ORTHODACTYLIC PENHOLDER is admirably adapted to giving children a free and easy handwriting. Price 1d., 2d., and 6d. each. Sold by all Stationers.



Wholesale, 37, Red Lion Square, W.C., and 3, Cheapside, E.C., London.

J. E. EAREE,

BREAKFAST AND TEA CONTRACTOR,

50, HACKNEY ROAD, NEAR SHOREDITCH CHURCH.

J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

Rout Seats on Reasonable Terms. Vans, and every requisite for Excursion Parties, with the entire Management, taken by Contract.

COMMUNICATIONS BY POST IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

THE "EXCELSIOR"

SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Sews from Two ordinary Spools, requires no Re-Winding, Finishes its Work where it stops, and the Seam, if cut at every inch, will not rip.

The style of the Machine is Ornamental, and is so easily managed that a child can work it with facility. It will HEM, FELL, STITCH, GATHER, QUILT, BRAID, and EMBROIDER, in a very superior manner, and with the most wonderful rapidity, and is eminently adapted for FAMILY SEWING.

Price Six Guineas.

LISTS FREE.

Also first-class new and improved DOUBLE ACTION ARM MACHINES, at greatly reduced prices, specially for manufacturing purposes.

WHIGHT & MANN also invite the special attention of Bootmakers, Tailors, and Manufacturers generally, to their improved Double-action Arm Machine, the "**NEW STAR,**" which, by a recently patented improvement, will sew either across, or up its arm, by simply turning a screw, giving so manifest an advantage over all others as needs no comment.

WHIGHT & MANN,

REMOVED TO 143, HOLBORN BARS (CORNER OF BROOK STREET).

Manufactory—GIPPING WORKS, IPSWICH.

RECKITT'S DIAMOND BLACK LEAD. TRADE MARK

MORE CLEANLY, MORE BRILLIANT, POLISHES MORE QUICKLY, AND CHEAPER,

First, because more is given for the money; secondly, because it is less wasteful; and lastly, because a little goes further than any other kind.

Sold by Oilmen, Italian Warehousemen, Grocers, and Ironmongers.

RECKITT & SONS, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.; AND HULL.

Dodd's Pulmonic Cough Syrup,

A Safe and Effectual Cure for Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Influenza, and all Complaints of the Chest and Lungs.

In consequence of the variable climate of England, few persons escape during the winter months from severe Colds and Coughs, which, from want of early and due attention, lay the foundation of alarming and often fatal disease, neglected Cough being the forerunner of consumption. Formidable as Coughs and Colds frequently prove to be, the proprietor of this Medicine feels perfect confidence in stating, that if it is taken as directed, a speedy cure will be the happy result.

It promotes free expectoration, allays irritability and tickling in the throat, and, by producing a gentle determination to the skin, relieves that sense of oppression, fulness, and difficulty of breathing which is so distressing to the patient. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d. each.

Dodd's Gout and Rheumatic Pills.

The astonishing effects which attend the use of these Pills induce the Proprietor to give them greater publicity. In two hours they relieve pain; in twelve the violent symptoms have subsided, and the Patient is enabled to follow his vocation! They may be taken at any time, require no confinement, and will not injure, but invigorate the constitution. Innumerable testimonials establish these facts. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each,

By Mr. DODD, Surgeon, 91, Westminster Bridge Road, London.

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine-venders in Town and Country.

THE **STRONGEST**, THE **CHEAPEST**, AND THE **BEST**, IS

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA
THE STRONGEST BECAUSE it consists exclusively of the choicest growths that abound in rich essential properties.
THE CHEAPEST BECAUSE it is supplied at low rates direct from the Importers to the Agents; this saves consumers all intermediate profits and insures good value, as the price is printed on each packet.
THE BEST BECAUSE it is GOOD as well as CHEAP, hence the great demand for HORNIMAN'S TEA.
See list of Agents in local Papers.
CHEMISTS & C ARE AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

OFFICE, 200, EUSTON ROAD, NEAR EUSTON SQUARE, N.W.

PRESIDENT—REV. THOMAS DALE, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

A KIND AND LIBERAL OFFER.

An anonymous contributor of £10 a year has most kindly offered £40 additionally this year, on the one condition, that the Committee extend their operations by opening another Home in connection with this Institution.

This the Committee are willing to do if other friends will co-operate in the accomplishment of this merciful design.

The Committee urge their appeal upon the reader's attention, simply because at present hundreds of suitable applicants have to be refused for want of greater accommodation, many of whom must sin or starve.

Nearly 1,100 have been admitted since September, 1857.

HOMES AT PRESENT SUSTAINED.

CENTAL, 200, Euston Road.	NORTH, Cornwall Place, Holloway.
WEST, Parson's Green, Fulham.	SOUTH, Old Kent Road.

£10 is the average cost of each case; therefore a donation of that amount opens a way of escape to a penitent.

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.

Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

Papers, Original and Selected.

RAGGED SCHOOL CONTRASTS;

OR,

"THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING."

It is pleasant on a genial summer evening to watch the lights and shadows as they play over, and give life to a landscape. Dense and impenetrable to vision as the layers of cloud may be, we yet know that the kindly beams of the sun are not dead, but are only hidden for a season; nay, at the very edge of the murkiest cloud a silver line of light becomes ofttimes almost vocal of the exceeding glory beyond. As in the natural, so is it in the moral world, whether we regard men in the aggregate, or in their individual component parts; for relics of good are usually traceable in the worst of characters, as if to indicate how grand the moral proportions of man must have been before he wilfully defaced the image of God. Hence it has been well remarked by Job Scott, a late Quaker minister, that "the outward order and economy of Divine Providence affords instruction which often beautifully applies to our inward experience. It is not all calm and sunshine; we have cold as well as heat, darkness as well as light, cutting frosts as well as refreshing dews." Yet at all times the darkest picture, whether as respects external nature or man, is not altogether dark; but in both the eye that can really see may easily trace "the cloud with the silver lining."

The lesson thus traceable in the physical or moral world is equally derivable from Ragged Schools. Ofttimes the Anakim in our pathway loom in such gigantic proportions that the heart faints, and any hope of victory seems to be unwarranted. Yet, just as the teacher feels his utter nothingness, some bright unexpected contrast is vouchsafed by our heavenly Father, which proves that "the good seed of the kingdom" which we thought had been trodden under foot, had really taken such deep root as to give us a rich harvest of souls. Faith, then, hath its victories now as in the

Biblical age, as a few contrasts which we have witnessed at different times in the same Ragged School will testify.

Nothing is more striking than the contrast betwixt the *external* aspect of a degraded district prior to, and twelve months after the establishment of a Ragged School, with its accompanying agencies for the evangelization of old and young. Two examples, the one social and the other moral, will fitly illustrate this proposition. Thus, before the establishment of the Ragged School in Noel Street, Southwark, it was unpaved; one closet was common to the whole street; the stench made the street scarcely approachable; and filthy homes and filthier habits rendered the whole district nauseous. But not long after the opening of the Ragged School, the street was paved, the houses were whitewashed, and the children had to seek for another spot wherein to indulge their favourite amusement of making "dirt pies."

But a still greater contrast, because a moral one, is presented by the "Devil's Acre," so long infamous in the annals of rapine. Before the New Pye Street Ragged School was opened in 1840, whoever heard that any policeman had sufficient temerity to walk it alone? for stones and brickbats would speedily have sent away such an intruder howling in agony. If they feared to tread its precincts in single file, need we wonder that respectability shunned its labyrinth of courts, and alleys, and dens, as if it were fraught with deadliest plague? Difficult, however, as seemed to be this task of "bearding the lion in his den," it was accomplished, mainly through the Christian love of Miss Howell and other devoted ladies; for, as is usual where faith, and prayer, and strenuous labour are combined, the right of entry, and, what was far better, of personal speaking, was won. As a result, *now* the district can be safely traversed at all hours, by persons of any rank; and thus we have seen delicate ladies of the upper class treading its mazes, not only free from insult, but with the respect which is due to their character and mission. In this case, then, "the silver lining" of the moral cloud has so developed itself that, what with Ragged Schools, Parents' Meetings, Working Men's Clubs, and Ragged Churches, we think we see signs that the Sun of Righteousness is about to rise over Westminster in full-orbed glory. "The Lord hasten it in his"—not our—"own time."

But there are other contrasts in which "the cloud with the silver lining" are so painfully associated, as to show that our work for the reclamation of the poor or the outcast is not yet fully

accomplished; for on the same form of the Ragged School there are those whose parents are honest, sober, and industrious, notwithstanding the surrounding depravity; whilst others are trained to crime by their very fathers and mothers solely in order that their wicked parents may add to the gains of the publican. Some of the children, too, seem to be untamable either by love or by fear; whilst others, yearning for that kindly look and kinder word they never experienced at home, sit, like Mary, at the feet of Jesus, drinking in the streams which flow from the river of life. Yet both scenes and characters serve to make up the genuine Ragged School photograph; for where all is unbroken harmony, and the children are readily disciplined, we are always led to doubt whether we have descended low enough into the mire and the gutter, the special work for which we are anointed by the Holy Spirit.

Two scenes which we have witnessed at George Street, Lisson Grove, and at Bermondsey, will fitly illustrate the dark and the bright side of our work.

Lisson Grove has many courts and alleys which have no outlet; so that whenever a fight or robbery occurs, both policemen and strangers fear to enter it, lest they should find exit impossible. "Saint Monday" rarely passes without terrific fights, in which women, urged on to more tiger-like fury by their paramours, are the usual combatants. Principally tenanted by felons and fallen women, the place is a very pandemonium; in fact, it is known by its guilt-stained denizens by the terrible name of "Little Hell!" Passing near George Street, one winter's evening, a girl rushed up to us, panting, and in excited tones exclaimed, "O sir, teacher's being murdered!" Unpleasant as was the invitation thus implied, duty bade us go to the rescue. On entering the Ragged School we found the master extended on the floor, blood was oozing copiously from his forehead, and faint and pallid, we at first thought that he was wounded to death. Happily, the stone thrown by a lad, excluded for misconduct, had not penetrated, but only grazed, the brow, and the master, after a few evenings, resumed his duties. Here we have that dark ground of the Ragged School picture which led a stranger once to say to us, "Of what use is it to collect wretches like these into a school?" To those who, like this stranger, are inclined to think, if not to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" we would add with the prophet, "Come and see" the other side of this picture; for it is only when we look at all their phases—those suited to a

Rembrandt, and those more fitted for the pencil of a Claude—that we see Ragged Schools as they really are.

A girl aged eight years attended this Ragged School. She was modest in demeanour, and affectionate to her teacher and school-fellows; and the Ragged School gave her a better idea of what a home should be than the hovel, ill-lighted and worst-ventilated, where she dwelt. The sweet hymns, as sweetly sung, excited the religious emotions of her young heart; and the daily text had pointed out the great truth that there is no access to the Father save through the Divine Son. She was, however, struck down by one of those fevers which so often ravage such districts; and she was removed to the Fever Hospital. The test thus provided proved that her piety was of that healthy character which can as readily bear reverses as prosperity. On her partial recovery, she was accustomed to go from bedside to bedside of the patients in the same ward, and there to sing to them the sweet hymns she had learnt in George Street Ragged School, such as "I have a Home in the Promised Land," &c. No wonder, then, that when she became convalescent, the patients, many old enough to be her mother, grieved over the removal of this little missionary! Nor do we doubt that to some of her co-patients it will be found to have been a message of Divine love when this little girl and they together "meet in the promised land." Thus did the George Street Ragged School not only present the darksome cloud, but also its glorious "silver lining."

Fallen humanity exhibits the same sad impress of sin in all places and at all ages, any difference consisting more in mode of development than in degree. Hence, though each district where Ragged Schools are planted has its own *specific* social and moral type, yet the root—sin, that is, uncurbed self-will may be traced in all. Thus, if we leave the north-west side of London, where poverty and grandeur, palace and hovel, stare each other in the face, and proceed to the squalid homes which abut on the wharves and warehouses on the south side of the Thames, we shall see the same family features of sin and misery.

For example, one Sunday evening we were threading the mazes of Dockhead, when we found about fifty lads marching three abreast, shouting, and yelling, and swearing. With the view of ascertaining their object, we followed their track. By a circuitous route they reached the School in Neckinger Road, called "Bermondsey Railway Arch Ragged School," where, as it was their point of attraction,

they sought admission. *Outside* we found two policemen covered with mud: *inside* the teachers had been similarly decorated with the "Order of Mud." Most of the lads present, about eighty in number, were dancing on the forms like wild Indians, and like them they yelled, and grimaced, and fell into divers attitudes more easy than graceful. It was not till an address, couched in the form of a parable, was delivered by a visitor, that these Arabs were reduced into silence; but we left the school pained to find that the earnest love of the teachers had not evoked the scholars' gratitude; for truly here seemed to be the cloud *without* any "silver lining" to awaken hope.

We will, however, turn from this night-side sketch of the Bermondsey Railway School, to glance at "the silver lining" of this moral cloud. One evening after the girls' school had closed, about fourteen stayed behind. They were neat in attire, and all were silent, earnest, and devout in their aspect. "For what are these girls staying?" we asked the teacher. "For the weekly prayer-meeting, sir," was the reply. Week after week did these poor factory girls remain to pray for that dew of the Holy Spirit without which preaching or teaching is of no more benefit than addressing so many dead men. Nor was this prayer-meeting held in vain, since several became communicants at a neighbouring Wesleyan chapel, and some as teachers, and others as tract distributors, are now doing the Lord's work in a workmanlike manner.

Such are some of the strange social and moral contrasts which greet the visitor of Ragged Schools. As at the creation the night came before the morning, yea, the world itself was born out of black chaos; so in society the moral darkness, which may be felt, is ofttimes the harbinger of the Sun of Righteousness. Were it not indeed for this gross darkness covering large masses of our urban population, Ragged Schools would not be needful; for beneficial as they are, their very existence is still but a painful sign of the dire moral plague which is raging. Happily, through the Divine sanction, they have illumined many of those dark spots "where Satan's seat is," and thus have cast a flood of light on benighted souls which will reach from time to eternity. Hence it is that we have seen districts of the lowest physical type elevated, while the thinkings and the manners of the roughest class have been so changed as to give them the courteous tone of the true gentleman. Nor is this all; for myriads, new-born and

sanctified, have shown by holy words and by holier lives that the vilest are not beyond the power of redeeming grace.

Thus amply rewarded has been this patience-trying, and at the first glance, somewhat perilous labour; for in this, as in all ages, when faith has been *manured* by prayer, there have always been "signs following." We have Divine authority for believing that in all labour for Jesus, "the hand of the diligent" will "make rich;" and the records of all well-organized Ragged Schools tell the same tale. Nor do we doubt that however dark may be the clouds which hover round our special sphere of labour—be it in Ragged School, Parents' Meeting, or Ragged Church—that tokens of the Master's approval will sooner or later be vouchsafed, if we faint not by the way. Thus whilst we trace the faint "silver lining" which tinges the overhanging cloud, we shall be led to regard it as the harbinger of that glorious predicted "morning without clouds," when the "tender grass shall spring out of the earth by clear shining *after* rain."

PRAYER AND EFFORT;

OR,

A PLACE IN GOD'S WORLD FOR EVERY MAN.

(*Continued from page* 202.)

Look down! the depths are bright! and hear them cry,
"Light! light!"—Look up! 'tis rushing down from high!
Regions on regions, far away they shine:
'Tis light ineffable, 'tis light divine!
"Immortal light, and life for evermore;"
Off through the deeps is heard from shore to shore
Of rolling worlds, Man, wake thee from the sod;
Awake from death! Awake, and live with God!

DANA.

THE shades of evening are falling fast, and all around is quiet: the stars are peering through the heavens, and are scattered over their expanse, as if they were an immense flock of sheep: the moon is young and bright, shining like a silver horn on the brow of the evening sky. The labourer's toils are over for the day: the roads leading to the village are thronged with men, women, and children, loaded with supplies for the coming Sabbath. The only stationary figures in the scene are two men mounted on a stile leading to a field a little way off the high road. They are in deep conversation, their pipes are both going, and a little cloud of smoke loiters round their heads: they also are arranging matters for the day of the Lord; unshaved, unwashed, excited with drink, and bitterly thinking of the morrow. It is Jim and Bob.

"I say, Jim, are you (this is the last time of asking) to go in and win for me to-morrow? Two or three of your taps on the noddle, one or two of your left-handers, mixed with a brace of your squeezers just before he goes to grass, will settle my bit score with him: it will also keep the colours of the 'Red Lion' flying, and be a refresher to the memory of the coves that have forgot you since you trimmed the lamp of the 'Navvy Boy.'"

"Well, old sneak, you and I must come to an understanding. I see you are still troubled with a white liver; you mooney, why do you shuv your smeller into other people's saucepans, and then raise a screamer when you find it hot? if you aint up to the scratch, why don't you keep your clapper quiet, and your nut cover out of the ring? Bob, a shut mouth catches no flies, and when the wollop low there should be no flashing it. But, old fellow, my shutters aint down yet, nor do I intend to put on the steam for some time: these premises to be closed till alterations are completed, then they will be opened with an entirely new stock: so says the draper's bill. So says Jim. My last stroke of business was rather on an extensive scale, Bob—rather extensive for my slender capital. I intend coming out with a smaller kind of goods. I don't mean falling into the Peeler's hands like a fly into a sprat's mouth. Oh dear no, old chap, if you can't carry your sails, don't go to sea. That is, without any blarney, if you're afraid of your bacon, keep on that side of the hedge where there's no dogs."

"Oh, oh, Jim, sits the wind that way? Are you going to turn parson, and take to dealing in Gospel wares, as they say at the school meetings? Is the Crusher going to knock under, then, and cry, as they do up the Lane, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth'? Ha! ha! Your last affair has turned your blood into milk—eh? When Bob's in trouble you're to pass him by now as our little terrier does the smithy where they made her drunk, with your nose among your feet, on t' other side the way—eh? You are coming out in a small trade; very small—needles, pins, and rattles, Jim, is that to be the cut—eh? Are the little dears from the city to have the choice of anything on your board for one penny—eh? All right, Jim, we'll smash the concern and cry quits. I'm off to the 'Lion:' I'll lush it till morning, and run halves with the first comer. Hurrah, hurrah, for Bob's big brother!"

"I say, Bob, have you forgot what father used to say to you? He used to say you were like one of them there big fish—what's their name? They're nearly all mouth, you know; one half of their length all jaw; do all their fighting with their mouth. Sharks, I think he called 'em. Sailors catch them out at the Indies, with a piece of beef at the bottom of a barrel: they're so fond of beef they poke their heads into the cask, and on trying to get them out again are caught by the gills with nails, which are stuck all round it. Being in a fix, all they can do is to flounder, splash and dash in the water, fix themselves all the more, and when all the pith is gone out of them they're quietly pulled to shore, and ere they can help themselves, are skinned alive; and the best of it all is, during the struggle, you never see any part of them but their tail. Father used to say that was you all over. You liked the beef, but you always forgot the nails. Ay, and the old feller was right, too; you kick up a row, go bang at the beef, and while you're eating it, Jim's tearing his hands with the nails to keep you from being skinned alive. Doing

it now and then I don't mind, but for you always to be getting the beef, and me always getting the nails, I don't see any fun in that. So next time you have a go at the beef, don't forget the nails. You think I'm going to turn parson? That's a nasty slur; I don't like a bone on them—never did and never shall. A black coat and a white choker always give me the bile. I'm not going to knock under, neither; nor cry, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth.' Oh no, old boy, every man to his trade. Our family never liked preachers nor preaching for ten generations back. Father nor mother never did, nor did their father and mother, I know. There's a crook in all our horns: our family's like the old gipsy's breeches, past mending: we aint made of the stuff they make Christians out of, so don't let your spirits go down, Jim won't be lost among the saints just yet."

"I won't have any more of this, Jim. I think ever since you came back you have had a tile loose. I'm off."

"Not so fast, master Robert, you shall hear it out, and be thankful your name's Bob, or very likely you would have had more than one tile loose, although you never went from home; and you would before this have found out I have no milk where blood should be, and that the iron I used to carry in my sleeves is not yet turned into cotton. I wasn't hanging out the white flag, neither, when I spoke to you about going into a smaller trade for a month or two. You know the Peelers and the people of the North aint just quiet enough yet about the last visit I paid them, so I must sing small. I intend keeping my hand in, in a quiet way, so neither you nor any one of the respectables need quake yet. Even now I don't mind murdering a tune in a meeting, reading a salvation tract upside down on the steps of the 'Lion,' or for a variety, making a street-preacher's chair stand another way than on its feet. But no, master—mind—number—one. Jim mustn't use his bunches of fives on your account or his own just yet. Jim must work in company, and for many days must do nothing on his own hook. So to-morrow you'll have beef and nails all to yourself, for me; I will not fight. But take that, and that; when we next meet you will be able to tell me, perhaps, if my foot and hand are of softer stuff than they were when last you tasted them."

Here the brothers parted, with as much affection for each other as a couple of lions have over the mangled corps of a buffalo in an African forest at midnight.

There is not a ray of the light of the coming day visible at the noon of night, yet it is the hour nearest the dawn: all things are ominous and foreboding just before the storm that is to clear the sky bursts over head. Just before the bugle has sounded, and bidden each sword leap from its scabbard, nothing could be more repelling and confusing than the assembly of mutual foes on the field of conflict, yet nevertheless over garments rolled in blood is sometimes the nearest way to liberty and glory. So is it often with man on the eve of his passing from death unto life. A darkness that might be felt settles down on the soul about to be plucked from the hand of the destroyer; every element of thought within it seems surcharged with the sulphurous breath of the tempest just before the voice of the turtle is heard in its secret parts, and the time of the singing of birds has arrived; nay, every individual thought seems, at the very mention of the name of Jesus, to make ready for

a display of rancour the most deadly, while the decree has gone forth that hostilities are ended.

So it was with Jim. The hand that has just struck his brother is never again to maul another; his pugnacity is soon to take another turn, and find an object in his own depraved heart, in sin, in Satan; soon in his heart, that cage of unclean birds, the dove from off the cross, with the olive branch, is to enter. The *branch* is soon to fall into its bitter waters and turn them to sweetness. Yes, reader, ere to-morrow's sun shall have sunk in the western sea, one of these half-tipsy, blasphemous men on the fence up there shall have been surrounded by light from heaven, and with weeping eyes, breaking heart, and outstretched hands, be groping round the cross, filling all the air with the piercing cry "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to his seat." Yes, reader, the Crusher, reviler and persecutor of Middle Lane, is to learn within a few hours that in mocking these humble Ragged School teachers and street preachers he was insulting Christ the Lord from heaven.

Of a truth conversion is the work of God; and his ways are not our ways, neither his thoughts our thoughts: he begins first at Jerusalem, whilst the echo of "Crucify him! crucify him!" has scarcely died in its streets, before its people have the blood off their hands, or settled down after the tumult that brought Jesus to an ignominious death. So was it in the case of the Crusher. Jim and Bob leave that fence never in time or eternity to meet in the same circumstances: free grace has marked out the Jerusalem sinner for her own. How mysterious are thy ways, O God!

> "Deep in unfathomable mines
> Of never-failing skill,
> He treasures up his bright designs,
> And works his sovereign will."

How completely veiled is each brother's future to his eyes! Bob has found his way to the "Lion," there to quench his thirst, and drown his sorrows in its fire waters; Jim, his bosom heated seven times from lusts set on fire of hell, has just climbed the garret trap of Bramble Cottage, and in anger flung himself down on his bed an unsaved man,—for the last time!

The one rocking with rage on his pallet of straw, and the other stretched unconscious on the wooden settle by the kitchen fire of the "Red Lion," pass away the night. The rosy light of God's day falls around both. Jim scowls at it, and Bob sees it not; at last both leave their resting-places and find their way to the water-side. The brothers keep apart; a single word passes not between them that day, and they mingle in the bustle and earn their unholy fee as was their wont. The Crusher, unknown to his brother, keeps sufficiently near him, that should the expected fight come off, he might, at much risk to himself, lend him a hand, yet at such a distance as to make Bob very cautious with tongue and hand as to any fresh enterprize. Jim was sullen to all around and orderly in the extreme. The hour appointed for the fight arrived, but with it came no combatant, and Bob was out of danger once more. Jim, making sure of this, left his little brother to swagger among his friends in a whole skin, and joined a very select band at the bar.

After drinking for some time, one of the company, a coarse little man with a knowing look and much consequence, asked if there were to be any larks on the wing during the evening. All replied there were not any yet, not even the feather of one. The same little man inquiring the hour, and on being told, said, "Well, I'll lay a pint with any one on ye I'll disperse the saints up the Lane in ten minutes to-night."

Before closing with the wager all eyes turned to Jim, as officers to the movements of their general. On seeing this, he replied, "It's no good looking to me; mum's my pass-word, and 'invisible' the colour of my coat for this season anyhow, and you know why."

After a pause all eyes turned to the little coarse man, and shouted, "Agreed! agreed!"

After drinking a few more pots, they sallied forth on their errand to fling their lark into the air and watch its descent. Jim followed afar off, boozy, sullen, and silent. As they reached the Lane a goodly number had assembled round the preacher, and were sweetly singing that peculiar and beautiful hymn of Hart's:—

"Repent, ye sons of men, repent:
Hear the good tidings God hath sent
Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven,
And beggars raised to reign in heaven.
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars,
Raised to reign in heaven.

"God sent his Son to die for us;
Die to redeem us from the curse.
He took our weakness, bore our load,
And dearly bought us with his blood.
Dearly, dearly, &c.

"In guilt's dark dungeon, when we lay,
Mercy cried, 'Spare,' and Justice, 'Slay;'
But Jesus answered, 'Set them free,
And pardon them, and punish me.'
Pardon, pardon, &c.

"Salvation is of God alone;
Life everlasting in his Son:
And he that gave his Son to bleed
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.

"Believe the Gospel and rejoice;
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
Who ransomed all our souls from hell.
Ransomed, ransomed," &c.

So deeply solemn was the impression made on every mind by this singular hymn that silence reigned on every side. Jim sat on a stone away from the crowd watching events; but as yet his friends had not sent their lark into the air, and were impatiently watching their opportunity. The preacher on this occasion was godly Mr. Power, attended by the "Good Body." Amongst

the crowd some of the Sunday-school teachers were dropping kindly words and distributing tracts.

Pale and trembling with emotion, the sainted Power read these words, "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Looking all round, the good man said, "Fellow-sinners, when living at the sea-side we sometimes ramble into the country, and, unawares, through some wooded path, reach a hill top where at our feet, stretched out before us, is the ocean, its breast heaving and shining in the sun; and as far as the eye can reach, and in every direction, it can see many vessels laden with riches from all the ends of the earth, speeding to different shores to supply the wants of man. This passage reminds me of such a sight; it suddenly lays open the heart of Jesus, which, like a vast ocean of love, lies stretched and heaving before you to-night, and his thoughts of mercy towards us, like vessels laden with riches, are crossing it in all directions, seeking a port where they may unburden their wealth." Pausing for a moment, and with a countenance kindling and sparkling with the deepest affection, he looked on his audience, who, evidently struck with the picture, were still as the grave, and said, "Fellow-sinners, mount the highest cliff and cast your eyes across that sea of mercy,—the heart of Jesus. There are vessels from it loaded with gold tried in the fire, bearing down upon the very shore where OUR lot is cast, sinner, dear sinner, poor sinner, dying sinner;" and turning his eyes in the direction where Jim was sitting, he finished the sentence by saying, "there's a vessel for you, loaded with love, even for you." Jim hung down his head and quietly shook it, as if to say, impossible.

As the sermon proceeded, and when all eyes were on the preacher once more, and our friends with their lark in the bag among the rest, a gentle but trembling hand was laid on the Crusher's shoulder, and a silvery voice whispered in his ear, "Brother, I'm come to tell you there's a vessel in our port, *just come in*, and everything on board is addressed to you; the vessel's name is 'Whosoever.'" The singular message, the soft hand, and the gentle voice of the speaker, made him lift up his eyes, how amazed! He stared as if an angel from heaven was before him. The messenger was a slender and delicate lady, who, ever since the work had commenced in Middle Lane, had given every spare moment to its advancement. She was about five-and-twenty, with finely-made, intelligent features, and long flowing ringlets; she went about the Lane with a glowing heart, yet with the decision and daring of a devotee: her motto was, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

The Crusher was crushed. He rose to his feet, gazed at the lady, and sat down again. "Brother," she said, "his heart is like the rolling sea, you've heard; oh, believe me, there's room in it for thee, yes, for thee. Just as you are, arise, brother, and dive into it; it's yawning wide to receive you; my soul waits and trembles till you plunge into its awful depths of love; dive for your life."

Shaking, he again rose and looked into that pleading face; it was such a face as Jim never saw before, its beseeching eyes and blushing features melted him: when had such a heavenly countenance bent over his hardened heart? He stood dumb before her, not a word would rise to his tongue. He could only shake his head and weep, and again sit down. As if conscious that Jim's hour was come, and his soul trembled in the balance, she would

not let him go. "O brother, why pause, and the good ship 'Whosoever' lying in the harbour, loaded with the very best things in the bosom of God, bearing your very name on each of them?"

Again Jim rose, still weeping, and with an awful effort gasped out, "Ah, ma'am, my soul is as black as ink, I fear it would darken the very sea of Christ's love; no, no, no, ma'am, poor Jim must be burned white in hell. What! God! the God of your teachers, the God of the Testament, look at the Crusher of Middle Lane! never, never, even the very devil seems to be ashamed of him."

Wiping the tears away with his sleeve and making an awkward bow to the lady he slunk away. But the work was done. The arrow has drunk blood, and the Crusher is saved! He did not reach home till past midnight; in sore agony of heart he lingered among the hedges, lamenting his condition, praying, despairing, and cursing the day of his birth. For the first time in his life he felt fear. Every step he took he thought the next must land him in perdition. Every moment he felt as if the earth refused to carry him and would willingly swallow him. Poor Jim! here, for the present, we must leave thee. You are safe now, a Power greater than your own is upon you.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

It is gratifying to find, from the information just received, that our kindred Union in Manchester has not suffered from the general distress that pervaded Lancashire last year. The fifth anniversary was held in the Town Hall in April last, on which occasion the Committee and friends then assembled in thankfulness record the fact in the following resolution:—

"The Committee of the Union desire to express their devout thanks to Almighty God, that, notwithstanding the great distress which has prevailed in this city during the past year, there has been no decrease in the amount of their funds, and consequently enabled them to make the usual grants to the schools requiring assistance."

The schools in union with this Society are twenty-one in number, and, as all Ragged Schools should be, are situated in the worst localities. Their names and localities are as follow:—

Ormond Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock.
St. Ann's, Queen Street, Deansgate.
Naylor Street, Oldham Road.
Heyrod Street, Ancoats.
Jackson Street, London Road.
Hope Street, Salford.
Queen Street, Chester Road.
Hewitt Street, Knott Mill.
St. Bartholomew's, Regent Road.
Ellor Street, Pendleton.
Bury Street, Salford.
Poland Street, Oldham Road.
Hayes Street, New Islington.
Bridgewater Street, Deansgate.
Red Bank, Little Scotland.
Spaw Street, Salford.
Nelson Street, Angel Meadow.
Holt Town.
New Town.
Barrow Street, Salford.
Ordsal Lane, Salford.

The chief operation of this Union is on the Sabbath evening; and this is indicated in the title of the Society, "Manchester and Salford *Sunday*

Ragged School Union." The Society, however, does carry on efforts on the other evenings of the week for secular instruction; and the Committee deem this of high importance, though not the highest. They consider that which pertains to *religion* should occupy pre-eminently the chief place. It is in *no sense good* that the soul should be without this. Secular knowledge is, for the most part, limited to time; religious relates to all belonging to God, the soul, and eternity. And yet it is not only expedient, but necessary, that the mind should be imbued with an acquaintance of those things appertaining to this life. Without this there can be no improvement personally, socially, or domestically. This is one of the means of reaching the *masses*. And the Committee are thankful that their anxiety in this respect has not been in vain. Great good has resulted from them. And while some of the teachers in these classes have some remuneration for their labour, nearly all are voluntary. The children in them are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, not forgetting, at the same time, moral instruction. It will easily be understood how important this is as attached to the "Sunday Ragged School Union." The average attendance during the past year has been 1,875, being an increase of 169.

The schools on Sunday evening have an average attendance of—

6,238 Scholars, the year's increase being			1,708
30 Superintendents	„	„	5
22 Secretaries	„	„	5
584 Voluntary Teachers	„	„	127

By experience the Manchester Committee are firmly convinced that Sunday *Evening* is the most suitable, and, therefore, the best time for collecting the class of children together which the Sunday Ragged School Union proposes to care for. They are not only exposed to temptation during the week, but also, and perhaps more, on Sunday. It is with a view to counteract or prevent yielding to pernicious evils to which they are liable, and to draw away their mind as much as possible from them, that schools are opened at this time to receive them. By this means they are taken out of the streets, and kept from doing mischief, and also escape temptation to go to those dancing companies and singing saloons, which are open in Manchester *even on a Sunday Evening*. Being brought into the Sunday Ragged School they see and hear nothing but what is for their happiness and well-being in time and for eternity. The instruction that is given them is not secular, but moral and religious, founded upon God's holy word, which ought to be the foundation of all education. This is sanctioned by Holy Writ, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word" (Psalm cxix. 9). This is the only way to be blessed. As we take God's word for our guide, trust in that Saviour whom it reveals, believe its precious promises, obey its holy precepts, and recognise its authoritative sanctions, are we prepared to "do our duty in that state of life to which it pleases God to call us," and for admission into heaven.

Sewing classes are conducted, in which the girls are taught to cut out, make, and repair their own clothing. Providential habits are cultivated by the penny banks established in connection with these schools, and every third scholar is a depositor to the extent of 3s. 7d. each; and it is their honest

pride and boast that they have by thrift so much money, and that *it is in the bank.*

Whilst much of the good resulting from the labours in these schools must necessarily be of a *preventive* character, it is not so exclusively. It will be seen from the following statistics that, during the past year, large inroads have been made upon the ignorance and immorality of the masses, and that great good, both of a temporal and spiritual kind, has been imparted.

In the first place, from the report of the Chaplain, it appears that not a single child belonging to *any Ragged School* has been an inmate of the city jail during the past year. This is no small testimony to the efficiency of these schools, and affords some explanation of the cause of the gradual diminution of juvenile crime.

During the present year no less than 300 children, who were in rags at its commencement, have become decently clothed, and this *principally* by their own exertions. 280 have been drafted into different Sunday Schools, and for 60 who were wandering the streets situations have been obtained; 25 have died during the year, 12 of whom have left hopeful testimony of true conversion.

The following are some of the testimonies of the superintendents of the schools:—

1. "During the past year several of our scholars, who had hitherto been without instruction, have been drafted into Sunday Schools, and their parents speak of the great improvement in their conduct at home."

2. "The inhabitants in the neighbourhood of our school speak of the great improvement in the behaviour of the children when in the streets. They have ceased to be regarded as 'a nuisance,' and many of the parents have been led to express their gratitude for the results which have followed the zealous labour of the teachers. About two years since, no teacher dared to return home alone lest he should be ill-treated; *now*, when one is seen, he is 'saluted with marks of respect.'"

3. "Great improvement has taken place in our scholars. Our Temperance and Band of Hope meetings, which are held on the Saturday night, give great satisfaction. Some of the scholars themselves advocate the cause of temperance and religion."

4. "Through the powerful influence of Penny Banks many of our scholars, who were formerly in rags, are now decently clothed."

5. "Two girls in our first class expressed a strong desire to be baptized. After necessary care and examination they were admitted into the church by baptism in the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road."

6. "Numbers of parents who were formerly drunkards and swearers now regularly attend the house of God. Their homes are comparatively happy and comfortable, and are much improved in a sanitary point of view. So overcrowded is our School, which is an upper room over a rag and bone shop and beerhouse, that we are compelled seriously to consider whether we should not take steps to build new Schools or remove to a more suitable building."

The Committee and friends of the Manchester Union seem much encouraged with the progress they have made during the five years of their efforts. They earnestly desire to see their labours extend, and are willing to render what aid they can to effect that extension. The following is their resolution on this subject, adopted at their last annual meeting:—

"The Committee of the Union beg to tender their most cordial thanks to the

teachers and officers of the various schools for their zealous and self-denying labours during the past year, and beg to state that they are prepared to render assistance to those who may be desirous of opening new schools in the poorest and most neglected places in the city."

Correspondence.

"OLD CLO'; OLD CLO'."

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

SIR,—This morning I was awoke from a pleasant dream, in which the strange sights witnessed at a Parents' Meeting on the prior evening held a prominent place, by a shrill cry of "Old clo', sir; old clo'." At first I was rather angry at having my excursion into Dreamland thus invaded; for who likes to have his slumber interrupted either by street cries or by organs long out of tune? But remembering what the poor Jew hawker said to Coleridge when the poet scolded him for clipping his words—"If you had to cry old clothes as often as I do, you would be glad to say Old clo' too"—I felt my anger supplanted by true respect for the poor man who was thus seeking to win his bread by a not pleasant and precarious vocation. Yes, sympathy ought to be felt for every hard-worker, whether mental or physical, be he Jew or Gentile: for, in the quaint phraseology of Thomas Carlyle, to me "Venerable is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity thee, hardly entreated brother!"

Now do not think from this preface that I am a Jew salesman, or that I even think of entering that profession. And yet, gentle reader, to let thee into a secret, I do wish that I had the subtle eloquence of my poor Jew friend, in order that I might successfully bargain for thy old clothes. For I am constrained, for once at least, to trespass on the province of this denizen of Petticoat Lane, and in his vernacular to cry, "Old clo'; old clo';" if not with his weather-worn voice, yet with that good grey goose quill which I trust may prove as potent.

Probably some of your readers will ask, Why seek thee to intrude into a trade not only disagreeable but overcrowded? Are you Ragged School people thinking of starting an old clothes depôt as well as a Rag Brigade? There is a pressing "reason why" for making an appeal for old clothes, and this is it. On recent inquiry at No. 1, Exeter Hall, I learnt that last year thirty Ragged Schools, situate in the most needy districts of this great Babel, had parcels of clothing given to them at Christmas. This is seemingly a time-honoured custom of the Ragged School Union; and so beneficial has it been in its results that the most determined lover of change would scarcely wish this custom to be abrogated. By this means no less than 1,000 ragged boys and girls were each of them presented with an article of clothing to screen them from the biting frost, made still more bitter through the lack of

caloric-imparting food, or of sufficient fire to render their dreary homes comfortable.

But this year the tale told by the officials of Exeter Hall is very different; for clothing gifts have been fewer than at any former period, and the cupboard, like that of the celebrated "Old Mother Hubbard," is nearly "bare." What with pressing local claims, and those of the starvelings of the cotton districts, not only have fewer parcels of old clothing been received than formerly, but their contents have diminished both in quantity and in value. Paul Pry-like, at this visit I peeped into the old clothes department—*alias* cupboard—of the Ragged School Union, and all I can say is, that its "beggarly account of empty boxes" forcibly recalled the apothecary's shop immortalized by Shakspeare.

Will your readers, then, pardon me if, in the name of the 27,000 scholars, ill clad and worse fed, of the London Ragged Schools, I ask them at once to ransack their drawers for worn-out apparel, and thus to aid in satiating the greedy maw of the Ragged School Union? I say "old clothes," but there will be no objection to as many new articles, especially under-linen, flannel, &c., as our friends can spare. I am sure, from having been present at many such distributions by our modern Dorcases, that sparkling eyes, probably mingled with a few hearty "Hurrahs" on the part of the boys, would express the gratitude of my youthful clients. Whilst, on the principle of "killing two birds with one stone," many of the 2,419 boys and girls belonging to our seventy-five industrial classes would be delighted to ply their needles in repairing or adapting the old clothes so given.

Nor is this the only benefit connected with the gift of old clothes at Christmas; for by such an exhibition of practical Christianity their parents learn, that whilst we endeavour to feed their souls with the heavenly manna, we have not forgotten that their bodies equally need succour or protection. Whilst, then, as Ragged School workers we recognise the former as our primary duty, we cannot possibly leave the other undone, and yet be like our Divine Master. For He who clad Adam and Eve with skins after their fall (Gen. iii. 21), left us in this, as in all respects, as well in labouring as in suffering, an "example that we should follow in his steps."

Yours, &c.,

Q IN THE CORNER.

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

THERE are now in operation in this city forty-two public evening schools, about half of which are for males and the remainder for females. The number of teachers employed is four hundred, chiefly selected from those engaged in the day schools, who, by enlarging the sphere of their duties in this way, receive a slight addition in salary. The "local boards of school officers" nominate the night school teachers.

The object of the evening schools, as distinguished from the ordinary ward

schools, is to attract the voluntary attendance of a class of persons whose employments during the day precludes their enjoyment of the daily course of study, and it is a rule that none who attend the day schools shall be admitted at night. We must, then, believe that all those processions of little children which form so large a part of the attendance at the night schools are engaged during the day in some industrial avocation, and are necessarily unfit to be kept up late in the evening to drag wearily over unappreciated lessons. The City Superintendent's report wisely says, "In my last report I assigned some reasons for arriving at the conclusion that children under twelve years of age should not be permitted to enter our evening schools, and another year's observation and experience have only confirmed me in the correctness of the opinions then expressed."

CHARACTER OF THE PUPILS.—The attendance at the night schools is to a large extent composed of foreigners and their children, who are mainly ignorant of our language, and are taught its peculiarities by teachers of their own nationalities, who have become thoroughly familiar with it. In the German classes especially the utmost diligence is observable, and it not unfrequently occurs that elderly men, erudite in the literature of their own countries, will, immediately upon taking up their residence here, accept with avidity the advantages offered in the night schools, and study with a determination which speedily results in the most satisfactory advancement.

The opening night of a term in the evening schools is a period dreaded by the teachers and the order-loving school officers. It is estimated that at least three weeks are required to "weed out" the rebellious spirits, who make the tour of the schools in order to test the quality of the teachers' endurance, with no higher aim than their own amusement. Their tests consist of various feats of agility performed during the momentary absence of the teacher, such as piling up slates and jumping upon them, a process which interferes with the future usefulness of those articles; tricks of legerdemain and various annoyances, ingeniously devised and pertinaciously adhered to. The schools soon get rid of these rebellious spirits, and the work begins in earnest.

Boys and men, of ages ranging from seven to sixty years, attend the better conducted schools; the "old boys" often proving themselves the hardest students. In one school there is a class of females, whose ages range from sixteen to thirty years, and whose mien and dress indicate their employment in the cleanlier trades, such as mantilla-making, shop-tending, &c. The course of instruction in this school is purely oral.

A class of boys called "tobacco strippers" attend the evening schools, and are recognisable, with moderately developed olfactories, at a distance of ten or fifteen feet, by the peculiar aroma pertaining to their hair and clothes. They are all employed in the tobacco factories, and pass their evenings at school. In another place there is one class entirely composed of men between the years of twenty and forty, who are unwilling to be placed with little boys, although in fact they are far behind some of the youngest in intelligence and acquirements. The women of advanced years are not so fastidious, but receive with patient attention the same instruction which is adapted to the child beside them.

CIVILIZING INFLUENCES.—In Clark Street, near Broome, there is a school-

room furnished with appropriate objects of ornament and utility, all combining to impress the pupil's mind with agreeable associations. A library at one end of the room is well stored with books upon history, biography, travels, poetry, and science generally, while busts, pictures, and drawings adorn the walls. At the Seventeenth Street School, also, a genial spirit animates the exercises; the teachers relieving the dryer portions of study by reading to the pupils a story, or an essay, or a passage of history. The principal of this school argues that the hard-working mechanic, for whom these places of instruction are provided, would go to bed at home rather than attend a night school where the reins are pulled too tightly upon him. "The Constitution of the United States" forms one of a series of familiar lectures which are now going on at this school, and as most of the attendants are voters, the subject becomes a matter of interest and practical importance to them.

In some of the schools here are large and well-furnished cases of chemical apparatus, and musical entertainments are also made an attractive feature. In one of the wards musical soirées are held twice a week, and are not unfrequently rendered doubly attractive by high artistic talent, which is volunteered for the occasion.

Female Pupils.—In the female schools there are frequently some noticeable specimens of matronly scholars. In one school a married woman, having no children, has been a punctual attendant for three terms, and is desirous of continuing through the entire course of study. An Irish girl who had been a pupil married a Chinese, and made him "come along to school," so that they passed their honeymoon in the pursuit of knowledge. In another case an old man, while engaged in looking for his grandson, was induced to join him in study, and has since become one of the most diligent of scholars; and it sometimes occurs that three generations are represented in the same school, meeting in the same class on occasions when reviews take place.

Discipline.—In many of these schools the rod is still used, and the teachers are perplexed and annoyed by the perversity of the younger children who attend; but in the best conducted establishments the whip is laid aside and the scholar's pride is appealed to. The results of the system of moral suasion are perfectly illustrated in the school in Wooster Street, where flogging never occurs, and where good order always prevails. One evening recently we found the teachers in the female department of this school in the act of giving the pupils an epitome of current events, assisting the pupils' comprehension of the movements of our armies by sketching plans of important points upon the black-board. The male department of this school is conducted upon a plan of semi-military discipline, and the boys enjoy the novelty.

The evening schools, as a whole, are excellent institutions, and are doing a good work, affording to persons of all ages and nationalities the full benefits of gratuitous elementary education. They are generally well attended, and the teachers, with few exceptions, are capable and earnest.

THE CHILDREN'S SUMMER TREAT.

"One who long in populous cities pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

Thus Milton penned his thoughts when endeavouring to describe the pleasure and benefit which the dwellers in large cities derive from an occasional excursion into the country. Full two hundred years have sped since our English bard thus expressed himself, but his sentiment is not obsolete, for its application comes with far greater force now than it could by any possiblity then. The London of 1663 was only a village compared with the London of 1863. If London was a "populous city" then, it is a city of cities now, hence the greater need of now and then getting the lungs inflated with pure air, which can only be had—

"Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined."

If our ancestors had their suburbs within easy reach, we have easy facilities for reaching ours. We are therefore about equal with them as to the opportunities for spending a day in the country for health and recreation. It gives us pleasure to record that most of the children in our London Ragged Schools have spent a day this summer in green fields with their teachers, and there had a rural meal.

The funds needful for this purpose have been specially raised, and in some cases a little more than was needed: the overplus will go to the fund for educational purposes. We have not complete particulars of the full number of children taken out, but from what we do possess, it is clear that nearly 16,000 scholars have thus been fêted at the following places:—

Acton	120	Highgate	250
Barnet	250	Hornsey	950
Battersea Park	260	Kensal Green	150
Carshalton	290	Kilburn	200
Chingford	150	Lewisham	300
Dulwich	240	Peckham Rye	480
East Coombe	200	Petersham Park	2,540
Ealing	180	Primrose Hill	430
Epping Forest	1,840	Southend	600
Erith	1,300	Willesden	630
Greenwich	1,370	Wood Green	850
Ham Park	150	Victoria Park	100
Hampstead Heath	690	Zoological Gardens	120
Hampton Court	970		15,810
Hastings	200		

As in former years, a small special fund was raised by the officers of

the Ragged School Union, who were greatly assisted by a note from Lord Shaftesbury, addressed to the Secretary, to the following effect:—

"24, Grosvenor Square, W.
"*July 20th*, 1863.

"DEAR GENT,—We may, I hope, venture to issue an appeal this year on behalf of the Country Excursion for the Children of the Ragged Schools.

"The benefit, in many respects, of these treats is so great, and the sum required so small in comparison with the good done, that I cannot doubt of success.

"Yours truly,
"SHAFTESBURY."

The object of the special fund to be raised was to give the children a day's holiday belonging to the schools, which, although most usefully conducted, are scarcely known to the public, and therefore but poorly supported, consequently unable to give their scholars a trip in the country. It was ascertained that there were seventeen of such schools, and by the generosity of the friends to whom an appeal was made, the scholars of these schools were invited to spend a day in Petersham Park. September 9th was fixed, which, fortunately, till late in the evening, was tolerably free from rain. About 1,600 children and teachers were conveyed by the South-Western and the North London Railways to Richmond. The scholars walked from the station through the town to the Park, accompanied with the bands from three schools, which had a most pleasant and enlivening effect, both while marching to and fro, and while in the Park. The excursion passed off free from accident, but no sooner had the children reached home in the evening, than one of the most violent thunder-storms, with forked lightning, fell over the metropolis that was ever experienced. The storm had threatened to come some hours before it fell, filling the teachers and friends with anxiety, but through mercy it was delayed.

ANOTHER DAY AT NUTFIELD PARK.

THE 9th of September last was a festal season to many of the Ragged School children and teachers in London. On the morning of that day, when 1,600 children were assembling for a joyous holiday in Petersham Park under the experienced generalship of Mr. Gent, a goodly band of nearly 300 teachers were seating themselves in a special train at the London Bridge Station. They were to be the guests for the day of Henry Edmund Gurney, Esq., and were on their way to his seat at Nutfield Park, a place now rendered classic, in a "ragged" sense, by the kindness and generosity of its owner.

The train soon carried us to the Redhill Station, within a mile of Nutfield, where a carriage and pair was in readiness for the use of the feeble or the lame, who might not be good pedestrians. Immediately on arrival, Mr. Gurney, with his usual frankness, put us in full possession. All things were ours for the day. The very house was ours—for all the principal rooms, with everything they contained that could minister to our gratification, were placed at our service; the greenhouses and terraces, the beautiful

pleasure-grounds fragrant with autumn flowers, the lawns, lakes, boats, fields, and farmhouses, all were given up so freely and heartily to our use that no one could possibly step on forbidden ground, or wish to exceed in any way the means of enjoyment so freely provided. And it must have been pleasant to our host himself to see how successful he had been in his kind intentions, for his guests felt, and gave ample evidence by their happy faces and homely freedom, that, somehow or other, they *were* at home, and that Nutfield Park for the time was theirs.

Some had seen many summers, others few, but yet there were neither old nor young amongst us, for, by a curious alchemy—which it might puzzle even Professor Pepper to explain—we found ourselves on a wondrous level, joyous without flippancy or lightness, and serious without being morose or dull. This reminds us of the remark of a genial friend of ours whom we passed on one occasion in the Park; and although the "snows of many winters" had left his locks even somewhat whiter than our own, he was playing at bat and ball with a little Nutfield boy; and in reply to a remark of Mr. Gurney's, he promptly declared that "he never meant to get old." And this we believe is true, for although the limbs of our friend may yet get old and feeble, his heart never will, for he has learned the true secret of keeping the heart young, by getting it filled with the love of God, and actively employed in his service.

Dinner-time arrived, when under a noble marquee we sat down to a generous repast; and we enjoyed it all the more on learning that everything was prepared by the members of Mr. Gurney's own household, who, out of the very love they bore to us, requested Mrs. Gurney to allow them to perform all the work themselves (as they thought they could do it better than hired assistants), although they knew it would deprive them of many hours of sleep and rest. After dinner Mr. Gurney addressed to us a few kind words of welcome and encouragement, apologising for the absence of Mrs. Gurney, who, though prevented by delicate health from being present, yet greeted us with as warm a welcome as his own. He assured us of the hearty interest every member of his household felt in our visit, that even his own little children looked forward for the annual gathering of the Ragged School teachers with as much joy and interest as they could for the arrival of distant friends. At the request of Mr. Gurney a few brief remarks were made by Mr. Alexander Anderson, Mr. W. H. Millar, and Mr. H. R. Williams respectively, and thereafter votes of thanks were heartily proffered to Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, and also to the members of their household.

Again, at five o'clock, we assembled for tea, when we were favoured with the presence and congratulations of the Dowager Lady Buxton and a goodly number of Mr. Gurney's friends and neighbours. From the tent we repaired to the front of Nutfield House, sang a parting hymn, and then returned to the station, where the special train was again in readiness to convey us back to our duties and our homes.

For the last seven years Mr. Gurney has, in this way, every autumn, entertained some hundreds of the laborious teachers of our Ragged Schools, without subjecting them, in any instance, to a single penny of expense. Commencing with the Eastern District of London seven years ago, he has now overtaken the whole of the schools connected with the Union, and, alto-

gether, about 2,200 teachers have thus partaken of his generous hospitality. And here we think it but right to state that during all these years the preparatory arrangements have been made and most efficiently superintended by Mr. H. R. Williams, the Hon. Sec. of the King Edward Ragged Schools. It was with much satisfaction we heard Mr. Gurney state that these gatherings had afforded himself and his family so much pleasure that, if spared, it was his intention next year to begin the work anew, kindly adding, that at all times he would gladly assist us in our labours by every means in his power.

Sincerely do we wish that Mr. Gurney and his partner in life may long be spared to carry out their good intentions. Others may have the means and even the disposition to perform such generous deeds, but few possess, in addition to the will and the power, those rarer gifts of gentlemanly simplicity of manner and unaffected kindness which makes one's visit to Nutfield Park an oasis in the memory—a day of "Sunday sunshine," without being oppressed with that feeling of *indebtedness* which often in such cases mars both the gratitude and the gift.

A.

ANOTHER ADDED TO HEAVEN'S HOST.

HAPPY DEATH OF MRS. K——.

As a voluntary teacher, regular, indefatigable, and patient, visiting her children, praying with and watching over them; as a superintendent, by her winning and animated zeal and piety drawing together and keeping together both teachers and scholars; as a member of committee, intelligent and practical, unassuming yet firm, ready to carry out as well as suggest modes of usefulness; as a sick and district visitor, fearless of danger in the path of duty, the afflicted and the erring pointed to the Saviour; in pleading the cause of the schools, her warm-hearted appeals could not be refused; regular at the prayer-meeting, interested in everything: such is the place now vacant at Fox Court by the death of our dear friend Mrs. K——. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.' Such was hers. She has left behind her a glorious testimony that she is now with Jesus. A few notes by a fellow-worker at Fox Court, who visited her in her short illness a few hours before her death, will be interesting and instructive. "On entering the room she recognised me and smiled, raising her hand for me to take it. Though she knew that she was dying, it was evident from her countenance that she was in perfect peace. From her conversation she seemed at that time to be thinking of her past spiritual experience, and comparing it with her present enjoyment of the presence of God. She said, as near as I can recollect, 'I have been in a great deal of darkness; I have seemed to be under the shadow of a cloud, and only now and then it has been light; but there are *no clouds now*. . . . I want you to take a message from me to the children at Fox Court. Tell them that when I used to speak to them about their souls and about Jesus, and to tell them how soon they might be called to die, that I little thought then

that I should die so soon as this; and tell them that they may die much sooner than they expect; and tell them to "seek the Lord while he may be found;" tell them to seek him *now* while he *may* be found; tell them this every day; tell it them over and over again; it is not my message, but God's by me. Tell them about Jesus and salvation. You know, Mr. H——, what to say to them, and say that it was my dying message to them. And when you speak it will not be you, but God speaking through you.' Just at this moment a peculiar brightness lit up her countenance, and she said—

'I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God.'

And turning to her nurses she said, 'If I am restless in the night repeat that to me.' Her thoughts then seemed to go back to Fox Court. She said, 'I visited two children in the second court from Fox Court, in Gray's Inn Lane, about half-way down. They lived with their father and mother, who were dyers, and worked for Miss T——. And they stole something. I took the children home, and told them that God always saw them, that he could see them through and through, and they could not hide anything from him; and I taught them a prayer. About a fortnight afterwards I saw one of them, and she remembered all that I had told her, and the prayer, too. I lent them some books, which they never returned, and I have never seen or heard of them since. But I am sure the Spirit of God was working in that child's soul, and I want you to try and find them out. . . . Tell Mrs. H—— that I shall meet her in heaven.' . . . She repeated many texts, which the Holy Spirit the Comforter seemed at that time to bring to her remembrance in a wonderful manner. Amongst other things she said, '"For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." *I* can say that *now*—I can say *that*.' And again, 'The sting of death is gone.' In her the grace of God was marvellously displayed, enabling her entirely to set aside self, and simply to lay hold of Jesus as all her hope of salvation. It was also remarkably noticeable, in the intervals of fever, how she was bent on making the most of every moment to do all she could for the glory of Him who had done so much for her. None were forgotten; her servant, her relatives and friends, all were urged to come to Jesus."

She came amidst her children
  Like sunshine 'mongst the flowers,
Cheering with love's soft radiance
  Those blessed Sabbath hours.

They clustered fondly round her,
  As round a mother's knee,
While she told them the sweet story
  Of our Saviour's infancy.

Not in language grave and stately,
  Nor laboured nor refined;
But in words that fell like dew-drops
  Upon the tender mind.

And she drew from them sweet lessons,
  Which that simple history taught,
By the gradual unfolding
  Of each child's hidden thought.

And she bade them in life's spring-time,
  Before earth's joys grow dim,
Confide in that Redeemer,
  And strive to grow like him.

It was a lovely picture,
  So bright, yet so serene;
For there lay a moral grandeur
  On that quiet Sabbath scene.

Hers was an angel's mission;
  Nay, perchance there is not given
So noble an employment
  To the seraph throng in heaven.

It was hers to guide the wandering,
  To make the simple wise,
To train those young immortals
  For their home beyond the skies.

O happy, happy children,
  Thus gathered to the fold,
Before the dark temptations
  Of life had on them rolled!

O happy, happy teacher,
  Fadeless is her renown;
Brighter than monarch's diadem
  Is now her starry crown!

Notice of Meeting.

GOLDEN LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the friends and supporters of these schools was held, recently, at the Young Men's Christian Association, 165, Aldersgate Street, Samuel Morley, Esq., in the chair. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Joseph Boyle, of Barbican Chapel, after which Mr. Alexander Anderson, one of the Hon. Secretaries, read the Committee's report. In this it was stated that the school had been established nearly seventeen years. Scarcely one of the original features of the institution characterized the present school, and only three of the first Committee were now connected with it. Many persons now getting a respectable living had been indebted to the school for instruction, and great good had been effected by its agency in the neighbourhood; yet it was quite inadequate to cope with the ignorance, poverty, and vice which reigned among the population of 10,000 by which it was surrounded. Some touching examples were given in the report, of gratitude expressed towards the conductors of the school, by those who had formerly been instructed therein and were now doing well. The Committee had been put to great shifts in consequence of the school having been pulled down. The work of the school, however, still goes on, and numbers of devoted teachers assist in the Sunday School who were once scholars there. In April last the school was temporarily located in the nightly refuge in Playhouse Yard, but was obliged to change its quarters after eight months' occupation, to a coffee-house in Golden Lane. These changes had sorely tried the patience of the Committee. They have now secured a large building, containing four floors, in Hatfield Street, on a twenty-one years' lease, but require the sum of £350 to meet the necessary expenses. The Ragged School Union will give £60, provided £290 is contributed by the public. The Committee urgently appeal for assistance to effect this object. Among the agencies in operation to improve those in the district, the Committee of the Golden Lane Ragged School have organized Day and Sunday Schools, Sewing Class, Mothers' Meetings, Library of upwards of a thousand volumes, with 500 readers, &c., &c., and they stand much in need of teachers to carry on the good work.

Mr. F. Cuthbertson, the Treasurer, read the annual statement, which showed a deficiency of £75 5s. 4d.

Subscriptions towards the new school were announced; among which were £50 from Mr. Morley; £10 10s. from the late Mr. Western Wood, M.P.; £10 10s. from — Dale, Esq; £25 from a nameless friend; £10 10s. from Mr. W. H. Goschen, M.P., &c.

Mr. Morley, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Andrew Lusk, the Revs. Alexander Hannay, Dr. Edmond, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION,

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street, E.C.

HON. SEC.—MR. W. LOCKE. HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.

SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of August to the 19th of September, 1863.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Baines, Lieut.-Col.	1	0	0
Collyer, J., Esq.	1	1	0
Craik, Mrs.	2	0	0
Evans, Miss	0	15	0
Lockton, Mrs.	0	5	0
Low, Miss E.	2	0	0
Port, Mrs.	1	10	0
Rawlinson, W., Esq.	5	0	0
Roberton, Miss	1	1	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Sibthorp, H. A. M. Waldo, Esq.	2	0	0
Sibthorp, Mrs. Waldo	2	0	0

Excursion Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Bennington, Mrs.	0	10	6
Foveaux, Miss	0	10	0
Hollond, Rev. E.	5	0	0
Kinnaird, Right Hon. Lord	1	0	0
Littledale, H., Esq.	1	0	0

School Fund, &c.

	£	s.	d.
Rag Brigade.			
H. M.	8	0	0
J. R. M.	2	0	0
Webber Row.			
A. L. Z.	1	0	0
Elkington, A., Esq.	2	2	0
Chapman, Miss	1	0	0
Cox, Mrs.	1	10	0

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received at the OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, 1, EXETER HALL, STRAND, W.C.; by Messrs. HATCHARD & SON, 187, Piccadilly; Messrs. NISBET & Co., 21, Berners Street; Messrs. KENT & Co., Paternoster Row; and by the Collector, Mr. WILLIAM A. BLAKE, 33, South Bank, N.W.

Post-office Orders should be made payable at Charing Cross, Strand, London, to Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, *Secretary*, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE BEST ARTICLES

AT

DEANE'S.

Established on Old London Bridge, A. D., 1700

DEANE'S CUTLERY.

DEANE'S ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS.

DEANE'S LAMPS.

DEANE'S IRON AND TIN WARE.

DEANE'S BATHS.

DEANE'S FENDERS AND FIRE-IRONS.

DEANE'S STOVES AND RANGES.

DEANE'S HORTICULTURAL TOOLS.

DEANE'S IRON BEDSTEADS.

DEANE'S SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

DEANE'S BRITANNIA METAL GOODS, &c.

DEANE'S GAS FITTINGS.

Illustrated Catalogues and Priced Furnishing Lists Post Free on application.

DEANE AND COMPANY;

OPENING TO THE MONUMENT,

LONDON BRIDGE.

Printed by ROBERT KINGSTON BURT, of No. 40, Highbury New Park, in the County of Middlesex, at his Office, Holborn Hill, in the City of London; and published by Kent & Co., 21, Paternoster Row, in the City of London.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st. 1863.